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M G H

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NURSE

Many tributes have been paid and many honors accorded Ruth Sleeper, especially during this year of her retirement, for she has accomplished many things as a registered professional nurse. Standing on the threshold of our careers, it seems appropriate that we pause and consider Miss Sleeper's own early days in nursing.

We can know now how proud she must have been to wear the cap and pin that identified her as a graduate of the MGH School of Nursing. And in the years to come, how proudly she carried these symbols with her as she became part of the World Health Organization; as she accepted the Florence Nightingale award; as she returned "home" to direct our own school of nursing and nursing service. Busy as she was with administrative problems of the MGH, she still found time to help form the National League for Nursing and act as its president for two years.

But neither words nor the tally of her achievements can tell the whole story. Nothing can adequately describe the blend of integrity, and warmth, and fineness that is Miss Sleeper's own; that makes us stand when she enters a room, and that lingers almost tangibly after she has addressed a group, or lectured in the classroom, or just stopped to chat a moment.

Thus, she leaves us more than the legacy of her accomplishments; she leaves in each of us a bit of herself which more than anything, reminds us of the true meaning of nursing. It is now for us to take up the lamp, and to wear the cap and pin of our school, proudly aware of the tradition which Miss Sleeper's professional life symbolizes.

A MESSAGE FROM MISS SLEEPER

Dear Seniors:

Always, always more to see, more to learn, more to do! This was your past.

More scientific and medical advances, more change and progress in nursing, more demands from Society to be met! This is your future.

What will you do?

To have a goal is a prime essential to a well organized and satisfying life. But a goal no matter how intellectually advanced or morally sound is vain unless this goal is motivated by personal feelings strong enough to furnish drive, overcome frustrations, and hold to the chartered course.

Did you know that you now belong to a company of "chosen women"? You, yourself, of course first elected to become a nurse. But since your entrance into the School, your future has been influenced by a powerful force outside your control. Society, in its striving toward health for all people, has provided your opportunity, supported and shaped your program, and soon will grant you the coveted privilege to practice as a nurse.

Perhaps your question now as you consider your future goal will be, "Am I adequate?"

You have participated in the richest curriculum the School could offer. You have had access to the wealth of learning opportunities in one of the best clinical fields the Country can provide. You have worked and learned with men and women, future leaders in the health professions. You have seen the demands to be faced when such leaders work together to provide patient care and study constantly to improve both care and cure.

Surely you should feel adequate to this moment and aware of the means by which your adequacy can be assured for the future.

From all of the Faculty the best of wishes.

Welcome to you, sister alumnae! We shall hope to see you at the annual Alumnae Homecoming.

Ruth Sleeper

OUR TOWN

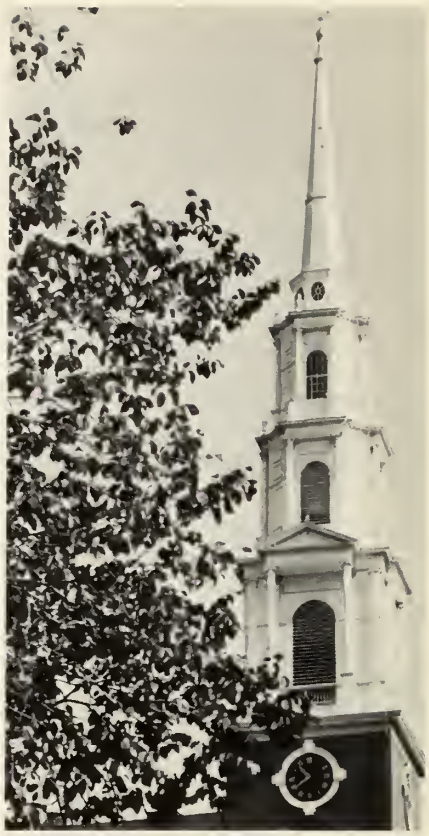
Boston is a city of history. Our forefathers greeted us at every corner, from Fanuiel Hall to the Lexington Green, from the Revere House to the Longfellow House. As newcomers we followed the tourists over the Freedom Trail, visited the State House, and explored Mrs. Jack's palace. But as we came to know our town better, we took greater delight in the less conspicuous landmarks of Boston's heritage: in a small bronze placque on the front of a building we passed as we rushed somewhere; in a timeworn gravestone bearing the name of the first Lieutenant Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; in the ivy-covered walls on the other side of the Charles; in the gold and gilt of Symphony Hall; in a small amphitheatre with bicycle seats in the last row.

For all of her Yankee breeding, our town made friends easily. She offered us her "left bank," along the Charles River, where we so often went with troubles and came away with lifted spirits. A summer evening found us at the Public Garden wandering through the Arts Festival, or down by the Charles enjoying the latest from Mr. Fiedler and The Pops.

We incorporated "The Hill," with its own private Square, Louisburg by name, its purple window panes, its own Bulfinch buildings, all suffused with the faint aura of blue-blood. And the other side of the Hill: tiny cobblestone streets, artist's garrets, window boxes, lacy snowpatterns on wrought-iron balconies and, wonder of wonder, trees.

Our own street offered its wares shamelessly. Antique shops without number, coffee houses, clothiers, boutiques, jewelers (who could pass Dana or Simon and Son without a peek in the window at the very latest.) Then there were the unclassifiables: the U.S. Post Office, the Thrift Shop, The Sevens, and number 42, a strangler's delight. And our old haunts: Riverside, Epstein's, The Spiral Bookstore, The Pizza Shop, and Mr. Och's place, which speaks for itself.

For the adventurous there was sailing on the Charles and ice skating in the Common. And just beyond the Common was the adventure of Washington Street and Filene's basement on a Saturday morning.



Fate, destiny, chance—whatever one chooses to call it, the very forces which brought us together three years ago will scatter us.

Jewelers

ALL THAT CAN HAPPEN

A Song for M. G. H.

Words by Margaret Dieter, 1916

Her ivied columns rise to meet
The glory of the Bulfinch dome,
Serene, unruffled, beautiful,
She waits to bid us welcome home.

From many lands, o'er many days,
We brought to her our restless youth,
And she with patience took us all
And set us in the way of truth.

Stern Teacher, kindly too, withal,
Who saw the faults we could not hide.
And building on our better selves,
She wrought results that shall abide.

What if she gave us arduous toil,
She taught us reverence for our work;
To ease the suffering, lighten pain
There is no task we dare to shirk.

When life and death are side by side,
And creeds and races strangely blend,
To share these things from day to day
She helped us each to find a friend.

Oh, Gracious Guardian of our past,
Thy children rise to honor thee,
God bless and keep you, M. G. H.
Secure through all the years to be.

IN A THOUSAND DAYS...

MISS N. PETZOLD

Assistant Director of Nursing

MISS H. SHERWIN

Freshman Year Coordinator

First Year Nursing Instructors

Miss M. DeSousa, Mrs. Childress, Miss B. Ellsworth, Miss J. Rogert, Mrs. B. Murphy, Miss A. Brady, Miss F. Green.

MISS H. SHERWIN & MRS. G. WEAVER

Social Sciences

MRS. A. NOZOWA & MRS. R. PITT

Chemistry

MISS F. GIBBONS

Anatomy and Physiology

MISS J. KIERNAN

Microbiology

MRS. ELLIS

Nutrition

MISS GANN

Guidance Counselor

MRS. DOLAN & DR. J. KELLER

Health Supervisors

MISS KILEY

Guidance Counselor

MISS SHANNON

Housemother

20 Charles Street

Left to right Row 1—Abbe, E.; Abram, B.; Acheson, W.; Alessi, M.; Arnold, S.; Arnone, M.; Atwood, D.; Barboza, N.; Bartolo, M.; Bend
J. Row 2—Bolstridge, V.; Bradley, V.; Brien, D.; Brown, G.; Brunette, S.; Burns, R.; Cannata, E.; Coach, G.; Cole, L.; Collins, A. R
3—Cope, P.; Cox, E.; Crawford, P.; Damon, N.; Davis, M.; Dayton, D.; Debes, J.; Dionne, M.; Domurad, B.; Donahue, M.; Donnelly, M
Durkee, P.

SECTION I

Left to right Row 1—Dwyer, S.; Egan, M.; Elliott, M.; Fisher, S.; Foley, B.; Fournier, N.; Freeman, L.; Garrett, B.; Gill, J.; Glidden, V
Row 2—Golden, J.; Goodwin, E.; Gordon, J.; Hall, E.; Harnisch, B.; Harrington, M.; Hayward, L.; Hession, T.; Howell, D.; Iselin,
Row 3—Johnson, M.; Kennedy, M.; Kvelums, R.; Lacey E.; Lassen, C.; Lee, G.; Lincoln, L.; Littlejohn, A.; Lomax, J.; Lowe, D.; M
Carthy, E.

SECTION II

Left to right Row 1—McCarty, T.; McDonough, H.; McGlew, S.; McLaughlin, J.; McNeely, A.; McNiff, M.; MacDougall, E.; MacMillan, J.; Maloney, M. Row 2—Messina, C.; Mijal, K.; Milani, M.; Molloy, B.; Morreale, M.; Morris, M.; Mudgett, B.; Murray, H.; Myers, J.; Narkevicius, A. Row 3—Newton, N.; Nierone, R.; Norton, M.; Oliver, E.; Olsen, D.; O'Neill, S.; Orr, M.; Oxley, J.; Page, S.; Parmalee, J.; Pasinski, A.

SECTION III

Left to right Row 1—Peterson, A.; Peterson, J.; Petrino, J.; Pierce, S.; Pike, S.; Pollen, E.; Purdy, D.; Pyre, N.; Riehm, J.; Robbins, R. Row 2—Seaton, F.; Shulkin, P.; Shyne, M.; Smith, D.; Smith, M.; Souza, P.; Starses, E.; Sundt, S.; Svenson, S.; Sweeney, J. Row 3—Ternullo, M.; Treanor, K.; Walsh, S.; West, C.; Wilkes, N.; Willman, M.; Wilson, L.; Wipprecht, S.; Wirts, Leslie; Woodruff, F.; Zebora, K.

SECTION IV

A wisp of black and white caught fleetingly as we rushed to meet countless deadlines; here a smile, there a single tear: fragments of ourselves which may be found in every corner of the hospital. These we leave behind, small token for the part of MGH we carry away with us now.

We take with us the most precious gift, knowledge; and countless snatches of memory. Calling upon those memories now, they come rushing and tumbling, falling easily into their places in each year.

How vividly we remember that warm September day when The Lincolnshire opened its doors wide to receive one hundred twenty-five young women, eager yet timid, reaching out for maturity yet clinging mightily to the last remnants of girlhood. The old hotel creaked under the weight of trunks, boxes, suitcases and stuffed animals, anything portable, totable or dragable . . . ("But, Mother, I might *need* my five formals, skis, bathing suit and TV set.") . . . If only our big sister had told us that all we really needed were a toothbrush and alarm clock!

The days passed in rapid succession, and we cultivated the MGH stride on our daily march down Charles Street to the Mecca. At six o'clock on any particular morning we *owned* that old cowpath!

Life at 20 Charles meant nightly pilgrimages to Sharaf's and ice cream cone breaks at Brighams (with jimmies, please).

In between breaks came grinding hours of study, the attempt to assimilate a body of knowledge we felt at times could not be learned in a thousand years, let alone a thousand days. In those days, "The MGH Way" seemed always a little beyond our grasp. So we made beds *ad nauseam* in the lab far into the night; so we injected pillows and oranges with air. But somehow it wasn't quite the same when we were presented with our very own real live patients. "Hello, I'm Miss Fisher and I'm going to be *your* nurse this morning, and would you like a backrub?"

We had, fortunately, the Junior Proctors, living proof that survival in disaster was possible, and our kindly big sisters who seemed at the time so knowing, so accomplished.

Life at The Lincolnshire included, of necessity, escape. With every weekend off, some of us went home, some to fraternity parties, and some to self-styled TGIF parties. And some of us simply shut our doors and went to sleep, content to let MGH and the world rush by without us for awhile.

For all of the diversion Boston offered, there was no escaping January twenty-fourth, day number one of our "week that was," when we were buried under such an avalanche of exams that some of us never saw daylight again. Trips away from Charles Street were few and even Scharaff's lost its appeal.

We were well-acquainted, too, with that old Monday morning feeling as we returned to an exam or two or three, ready to G&R, to examine the innards of our yellow rats, to ponder the Hopi way, to flame our loops, to give our patients that old one-two: back care, mouth care and emotional support. We even learned to make a flaxseed poultice (thank heavens for Hydrocolator packs).

Phrases drift across the span, sifted from the complex maze of our daily activity: . . . In Dr. Mead's article, I believe that's number 739 on your yellow list . . . You're going to be in seeerious trouble . . . Judy Germ . . . The Smile . . . When I worked at the City there was a patient who . . . Now, Girls . . . But *which* femur is it? . . . Pith it yourself . . . A nurse? Just a minute, I'll get you one . . . You're here for education, not service . . . The *which* cycle? . . . At MGH we hold the washcloth *this* way.

Came that morning in November, our first day on the wards. Bibless, we came in clusters, weak-kneed from excitement and fear. At last we were really nurses—or so we thought. Dutifully, we noted the fire equipment, the nurses' station, the medicine closet, and the tall-capped Seniors with their knowing smiles, at once benevolent and sympathetic. We met the watchful eyes of our instructors over that pile of linen under which, somewhere, was our patient. No sooner had we mastered one technique than new challenges faced us: The bedbath, the Clinitest, foot care, and that most challenging first in a student's career, the first injection.

As the summer came, we would spend our lunch hour on the now extinct Bulfinch lawn, or suggest to the T.L. that our patient might like to go outside for a while (right, Mrs. X?). On rainy days we would await the dinner hour on White 3A, where there was always something new to see.

Now the air was filled with the anticipation of junior year. Willingly we would part with the lowly "S-1" title, shrug off the weights of twelve long months and make our lives as portable as possible for our coming travels. We would bequeath to the incoming freshman of this and all years, the summation of the comprehensive experience of the first year: Ya Gotta Wanna!

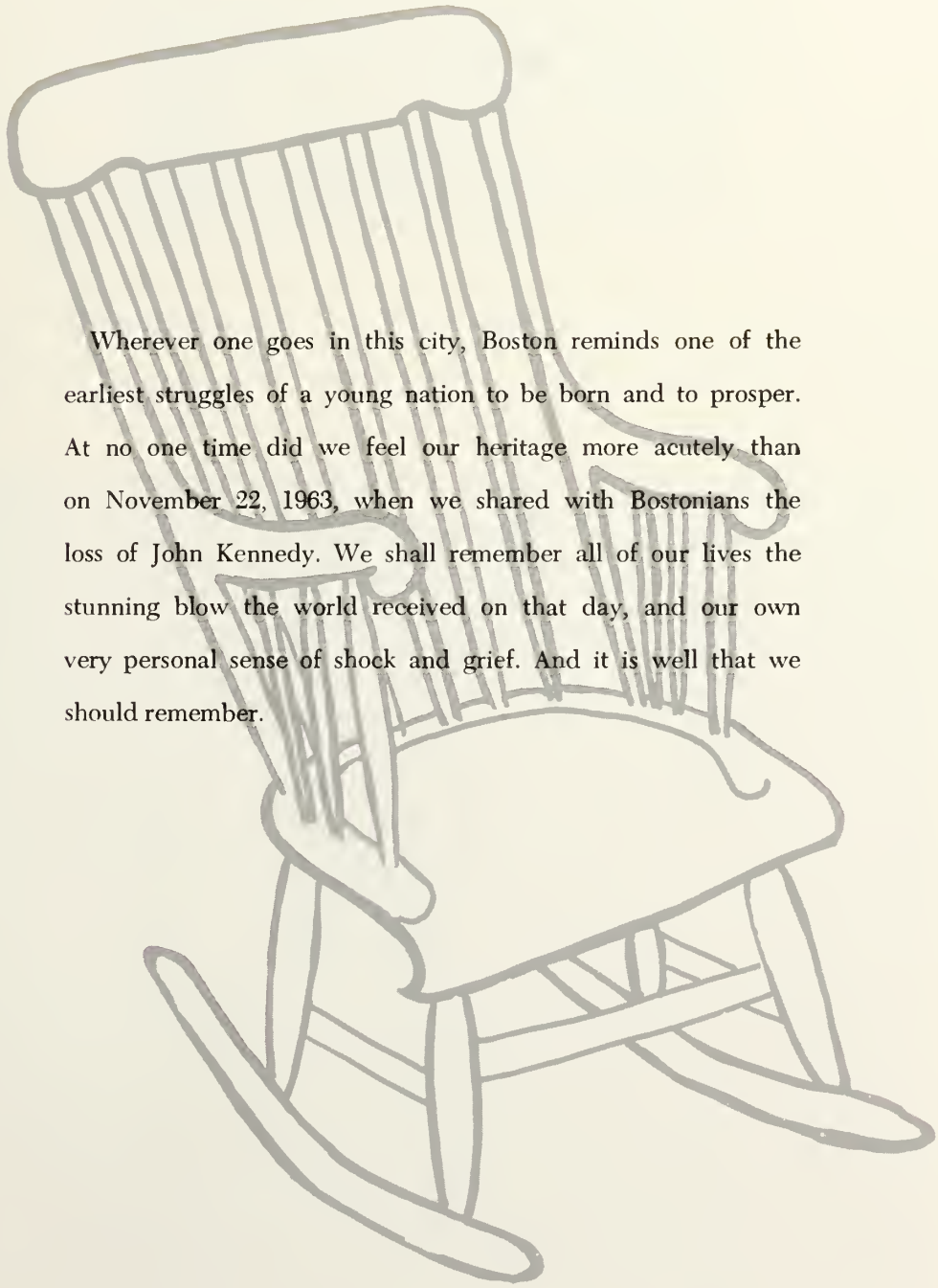
OCTOBER 16, 1846
The Beginning of a Great *Era* In Surgery

OCTOBER 16, 1963
The Beginning of a Great *Error* In Surgery

The Spirit of '66

A ladder, lightbulbs and lollipops: these are the tools of the trade of a devoted MGH employee, known affectionately by every student nurse simply as "Dave." Dave is the official keeper of lightbulbs at the MGH and conscientiously replaces flickering bulbs in many areas of the hospital. But his real specialty is befriending student nurses.

It is no secret that freshmen feel insecure and uncertain; even taking p.o. temperatures can seem an enormous task when you've never done it before. But somehow, just when a freshman's confidence reaches its lowest ebb (and that can be pretty low) she encounters Dave (or is it perhaps the other way round). His eyes alight with a knowing twinkle, he pauses and offers his vote of confidence—a lollipop. Be it red, yellow or green, this extra bit of encouragement is often all that is needed to keep a tired freshman going; this, and the knowledge that Dave believes in her, and in all of us, and has accepted us as part of the "MGH family."



Wherever one goes in this city, Boston reminds one of the earliest struggles of a young nation to be born and to prosper. At no one time did we feel our heritage more acutely than on November 22, 1963, when we shared with Bostonians the loss of John Kennedy. We shall remember all of our lives the stunning blow the world received on that day, and our own very personal sense of shock and grief. And it is well that we should remember.

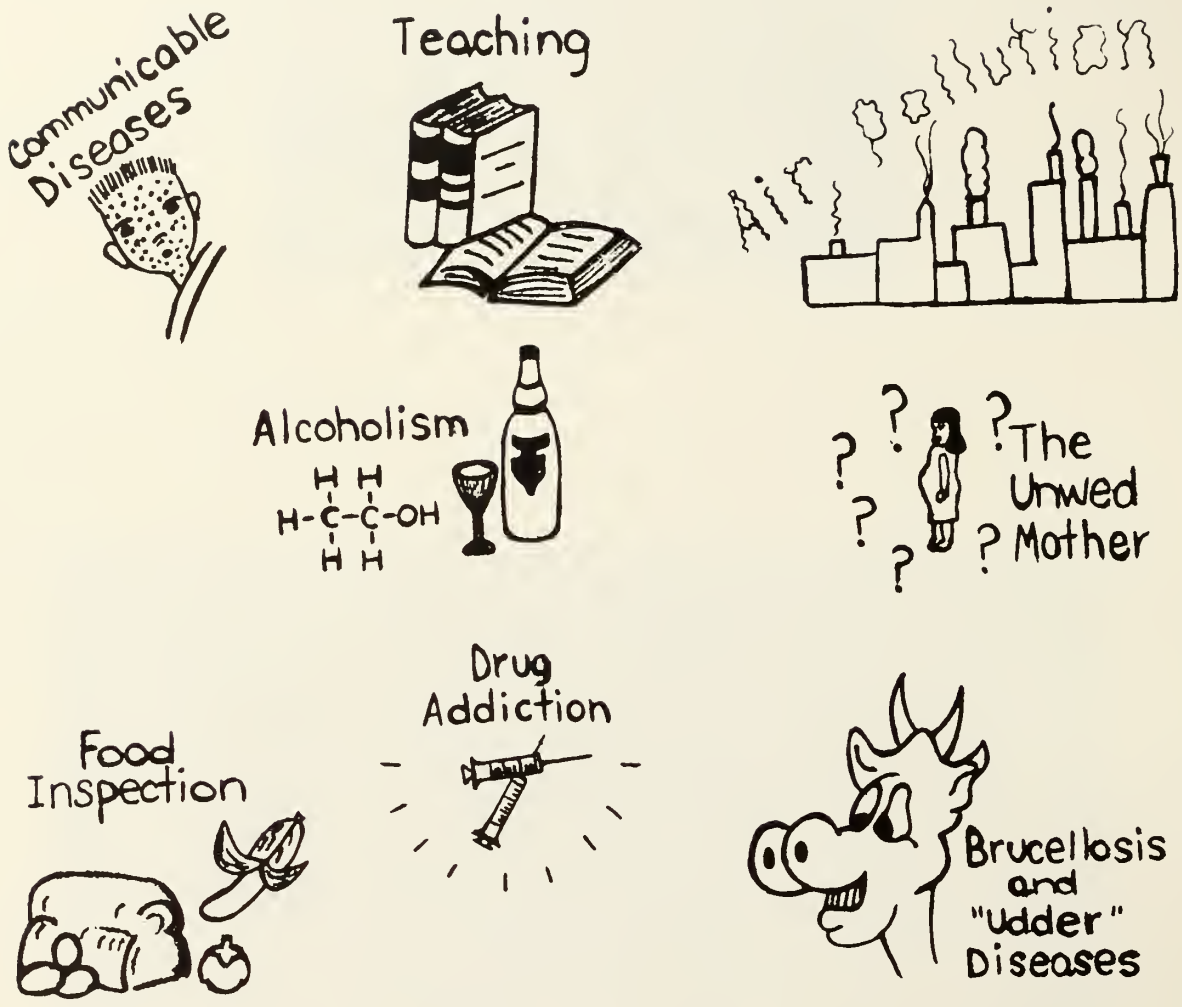
Junior year is fragments: our class, our year, our experiences, all broken into discrete parts. Obstetrics, pediatrics, public health and psychiatry: each area touched off something different in us; and each of us came away with her own special feelings about her experiences. Sharing the kaleidoscope of memories we had gathered during the year we found that, despite the variety of our individual feelings and experiences, we had grown togther.

MISS K. HARDEMAN

Second and Third Year Coordinator

Junior Proctors Seated: Mrs. B. Abram, Miss J. MacMillan. Standing: Miss B. McCarthy, Miss L. Wilson, Miss C. Messina, Miss D. Howell, Miss S. Lynch, Miss M. Arnone.

NURSING CARE OF AMBULATORY PATIENTS



Today the community...

tomorrow the world!

Thayer House

MRS. STALVEY

Housemother

MISS M. GRADY &
MISS M. MULRY

Public Health

MISS HYLAND & MISS PELUSSI

Public Health

The Clinics marked a radical change in our routine. The bed baths, blood pressures and breakfast trays to which we had at last become accustomed were left on the wards, to be now carried out by the new seniors in their tall caps and the bibless, tremulous freshmen who took our place (did *we* ever look like that?).

In six short weeks we did more bib cards, projects, posters and speech making than in all the rest of our training combined. Each day found two or three of us out in the district or the local health department trying to unearth chemicals in our water or smoke in our air; a myriad of health problems too numerous to name. "Today the Community, Tomorrow, the World!" was our motto as we side-stepped garbage cans and ducked under low-flying pigeons.

Teach was the byword, and teach we did as we strode, undaunted, beside the public health nurses on our "day in the district"; as we directed people from clinic to clinic to pharmacy to cashier; as we tried to break up the long hours our patients had to wait to see a doctor; as we drew bloods in Medical Clinic ("It's alright, Ma'am, the first tube is always just cells.").

Aside from teaching and its place in the care of patients, there were many things to be learned: "In terms of posters, girls," . . . "Remember, public utilities are not carriers." . . . "Which agency could help this patient?" . . . "This film will show you the effects of salmonella."

These six weeks were the beginning of a slower pace, a pace which gave us time to enjoy what we did and what we saw, to enjoy the noise and bustle of each clinic, and to laugh at our useless attempts to master the secretarial aspects of nursing in the O. P.D. Most welcome was the extra time we found each day to talk and to listen.

OBSTETRICS

"Gentlemen! This is the arch under which every youthful candidate for immortality must pass, and is the first hazard to be overcome along the path to our ultimate destination."

These are the words of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, instructing a group of medical students on the anatomy of the pelvic arch. They serve to set the tone of our thoughts about B.L.I., for as we look back now, obstetrics was the most lighthearted of our rotations. "Hospital," we found, could have other meanings than those we had discovered at the General. "Joy" and "new birth" were just as much a part of life as the harshest of truths at the M.G.H.

After that first month of classes, B.L.I. became, perhaps because of the nature of things, more of a happening than an organized sequence of events.

"B.L.I. days, B.L.I. days, dear old golden labor days": sunrise over Longwood Avenue . . . . "Miss Dring, Miss Dring" . . . . "You take the ward, I'll take the desk." . . . . "Now you take *that* child, and" . . . . coffee breaks in the utility room . . . . "Welcome to premie nursery . . . . you are on the day shift, 2:30 to 11 P.M." . . . . "Nothing to worry about, just tip him over and pat him on the back." . . . . "You call this (ouch) asleep?"

"Sparine, Scopolomine and Seconal, made all the patients just" . . . . "Aspirin? Just a minute, I'll have to page the supervisor" . . . . "You delivered what ?!?" . . . . "200 of o.j., *stat.*" . . . . clinic mothers (and clinic mother papers) . . . . speedy elevator service ("If you can't get it up, call Otis.") . . . . good food! (but no seconds) . . . . penthouse parties known far and wide.

Even our mistakes were not too serious: "Does anyone know if Schiller's is a removable stain?" . . . . Sitz baths that lasted two hours . . . . Mary D., water sloshing over the tops of her black shoes and seeping under the nursery door, trying to figure out how to turn off the autoclave . . . . "Jane, that's not the phisohex dispenser; it's my foot!"

The characters we encounter during our three months seemed to fit in perfectly with the other aspects of our rotation: Nutrition classes with 6MB . . . . "We bathe the baby in this particular manner, girls." (No matter where we went, we always seemed to be addressed *en masse* as "girls.") . . . . Madeline . . . . *The* Dr. White . . . . "In zis was we gavage ze *enfant*" "Check that fetal heart; time those contractions!" . . . . "I am Miss Peterson and this is my nursery and these are my babies." (All twenty-eight?) . . . .

Of course, obstetrics did have a more serious side: the thrill of seeing a new life begin; the look on a new father's face when he sees his child for the first time; the shy questions of a young mother; the sense of wonder about this tiny, perfect person you hold so gently in your arms. These are the wonderful things we shall remember as part of an experience with life.

TO A STUDENT

Forget about communication,

interpersonal relations,

interaction—overt, covert.

My name is Able. I am hurt.

Talk with me

and hold my hand.

Come back tomorrow

to understand.

Pediatrics

Walcott House

MISS J. BLACK

Housemother

Pediatric Instructors

Miss D. Mahoney, Miss Franco, Miss Bernard, Miss M. J. Nassar, Mrs. C. Schuster and daughter.

Having been a child at one time is not the only prerequisite for pediatric nursing. We discovered this after our first two minutes in the chaos of Burnham 4, 5, and 6. Somehow, the children who confronted us were different than we had expected—not as sad, much louder, more clever—and we realized that it would take more than just having been young once to get through three months of Pedi in one piece.

"Pedi" is a ward east of the sun and west of the moon . . . where children are identified by "SAVE ALL URINE" and "NPO" signs pinned to their pajamas, where injections are really "bee stings" and disposable syringes become water pistols. It is a land of chocolate milk and playladies . . . and checkered student nurses. To enter this magic place, we had to perform several tasks. The first task was to endure the witches of the North as they demonstrated their skills. The "now stu-dents" witch shared her skills with croup tents and told us stories about the battered child syndrome, hypospadias, and tetralogy of Fallot. The medicine witch gave us tasty morsels of KCl to sample and showed us "Pedi drips." And the "first aid" witch showed us how to cope with such emergencies as kicked shins and bites.

Our second task was to become familiar with the goblins (doctors) and elves (children). Their job was to test our patience. We responded to the goblins' commands to "FF ◗ 3000 c.c./daily" by coaxing the elves to drink from glasses, medicine cups, bottles, or any other container that would hold over one c.c. of liquid . . . always urging them to "make the funny sound in the bottom." We assured dying elves that there *were* tunafish sandwiches in heaven; greeted José with "Buenos dias"; no-no'd smearers; made puzzles, were puzzled, and finally got through on lollipop bribes. At Christmas, we were invited to a party and celebrated with "Hardy" old Saint Nick himself.

Our third and final task was to adorn ourselves in pink armor and enter the battleground as playladies. Paint and paper were our ammunition and only means of defense. A dungeon awaited those of us who had never heard of gimp.

After three months we emerged from the land of children, but, unlike most fairytales, we learned that the ending is not always happy.

PSYCHIATRIC NURSING

At McLean, we found ourselves suddenly without the defenses one tends to cultivate so handily in other areas of nursing. Our only tools were our selves. The anguish we saw in others was our own anguish magnified one hundred fold; their loneliness was our loneliness given a voice; their faces were our faces distorted by forces we may never fully understand. And our only tools were our selves.

Instructors

Mrs. Makin, Mrs. Buckman, Mrs. Hart, Miss Clemente, Mrs. Selby, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Buckman.

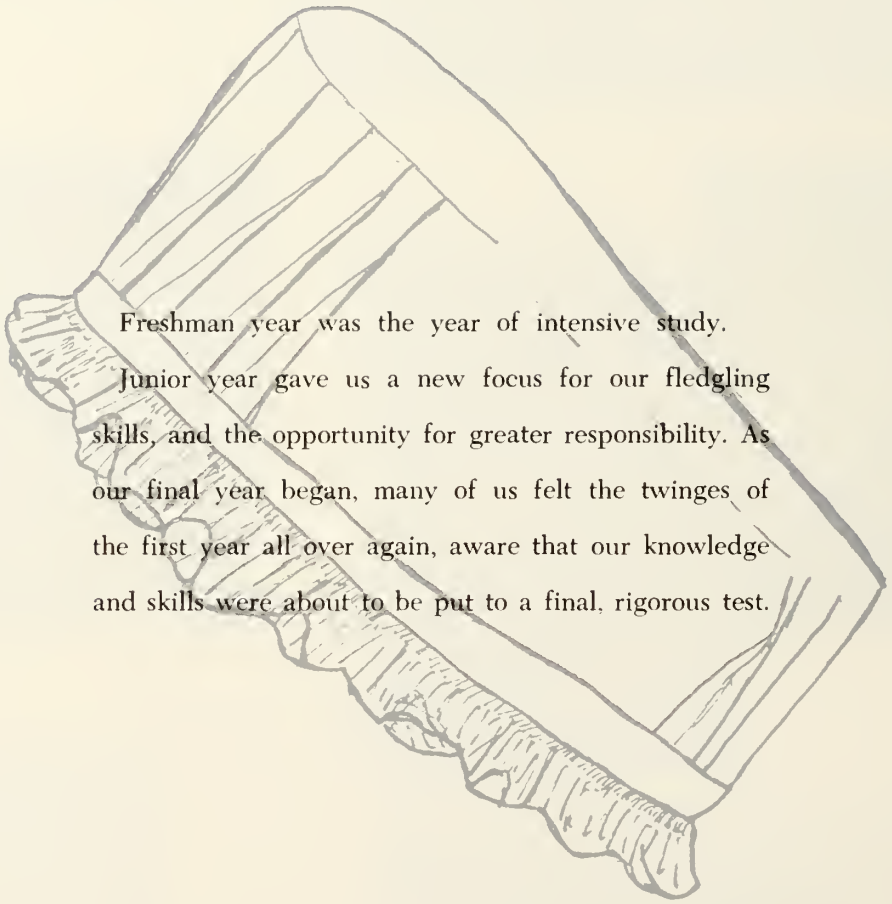
Instructors?

Perhaps because of the intensity of our experiences at McLean, we relished our moments of relaxation. All of us at one time or another joined the marathon bridge game in the second floor alcove which, according to well-informed sources is still going on, despite the change of players every three months. Cards were only put aside to make room for one of our infamous parties, which featured such adult delights as pin-the-tail-on-the-housemother.

In winter our energy was liberated with snowball fights and bobsledding; in summer there were long walks, rain or shine, and the sometimes dubious joy of Crane's Beach every Thursday. Two feelings were common to all of us no matter what the season: "whew," at the end of the long trek up the hill from Waverly Square; and the hunger pangs as we headed *en masse* for the coffee shop after dinner in the cafeteria.

Once each week we gathered in Higginson House basement for classes, where we tried to find answers to such burning questions as: What was Florence Nightingale *really* like? How do you teach table manners to a sixty-seven year old schizophrenic with no teeth? *Who is* Sary Gamp? These remain a mystery, but other questions were probed more deeply: in classes such as Mrs. Hart's famous dramatization of the neurotic personality; in Sam Bowman's conferences, sparked by his tremendous enthusiasm; in discussions with Miss Ladd which made us examine our own depths as well as those of our patients.

Perhaps McLean raised more questions than it answered; perhaps it raised questions to which we are still seeking answers. But, most important, it taught us to *heed* those questions, and that it is not the answers that count so much as the search. And our only tools, our greatest tools, are our selves.



Freshman year was the year of intensive study. Junior year gave us a new focus for our fledgling skills, and the opportunity for greater responsibility. As our final year began, many of us felt the twinges of the first year all over again, aware that our knowledge and skills were about to be put to a final, rigorous test.

Bartlett Hall

MRS. M. HIBBARD

Housemother

Senior Class Advisors

MISS J. ROGERT

MISS N. BOWKER

Senior Nursing Instructor

MISS M. KEELEY

MRS. CALOGIRO (absent)

Operating Room Instructors

MISS A. CAHILL
MISS J. MASTRANGELO

Alternate Program Instructors

MISS M. DeSOUZA
MISS E. ZINSMEISTER

Senior Class Officers

A. Collins, president; J. McLoughlin, vice-president; M. Egan, secretary; J. Lomax, treasurer; S. Karakla, corresponding secretary.

S.N.C.A. Officers
B. Abram (president), T. Hession, D. Howell, B. Martin (absent).

I.C.N. Representative
A. Collins

N.S.N.A. Representatives
B. Abram, C. Messina

August was a month of famous last words: "This isn't meant to scare you, girls . . . . Things will get better after October . . . . Technically, you are part of nursing service, but actually . . . . You will have three evenings of orientation to relief duty . . . . A few of you may have to be a team leader before having the experience . . . . A-NY-THING ELTH?? . . . ."

And suddenly, as we were worrying our way through classes on cardiac massage and emergency drugs, August was gone and so was our last remnant of protection against the harsh realities of Senior Year, the flat cap.

How proud we were as the tall caps crowned each of our classmates in turn, as we accepted with full hearts Miss Sleeper's challenge to continue learning and growing, and as we recited the Nightengale pledge, now with deeper understanding and renewed committment.

September tenth found us back at work as usual, but two inches taller this day than we had been the day before. At twelve cents an hour, the S3 was the biggest bargain this side of Filene's. We functioned in every capacity from dispatch to dietary: T.L. and Team on White 7, jack-of-all-trades in the O.R., chief cook and bottom-washer in Bulfinch.

Classes once a week offered a break from the routine of work: "During this hour, Dr. Blank will discuss the causes, symptoms, treatment and complications of renal failure, including a short discussion of dialysis and transplants. The second hour will be devoted to nursing care" . . . . Daddy, daddy, buy me a bomb shelter . . . . There is a 600 bed, inflatible hospital, filled with 600 inflatible patients—you are the nurse-neighbor . . . . An itemized budget will be required . . . . (In White 5's plaster room): "Here we have Miss Sundt, a 90 year old lady who slipped on the ice and rolled all the way down Grove Street into the E.W., right, Miss Sundt?" . . . . I know you worked last night and you have to work tonight, but that's no excuse for sleeping in class today . . . .

There were, occasionally, nights when we didn't have to work. "Your Father's Moustache," and other lively spots were favorite off duty haunts. And of course there were cultural activities in which we could now participate because of our steady income.

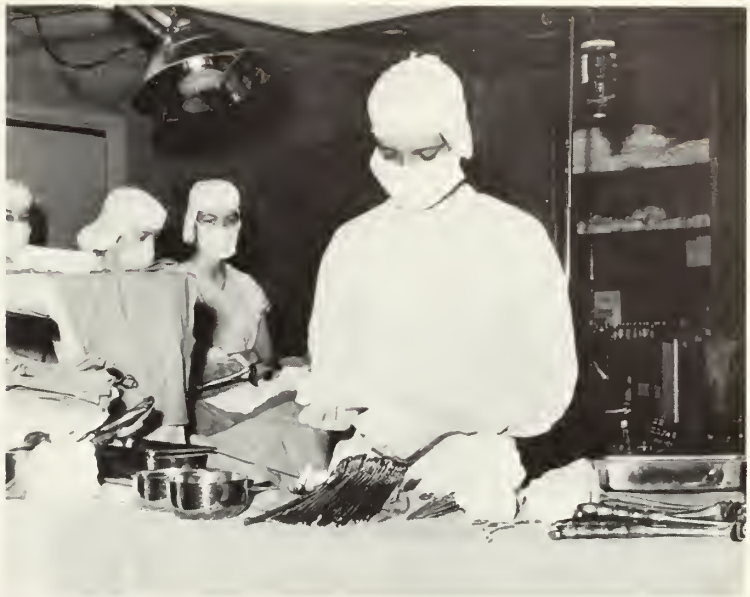
When funds ran low, or when we got hungry (usually about an hour after dinner in the cafeteria), many of us could be found at The Church, having coffee with George, et cetera.

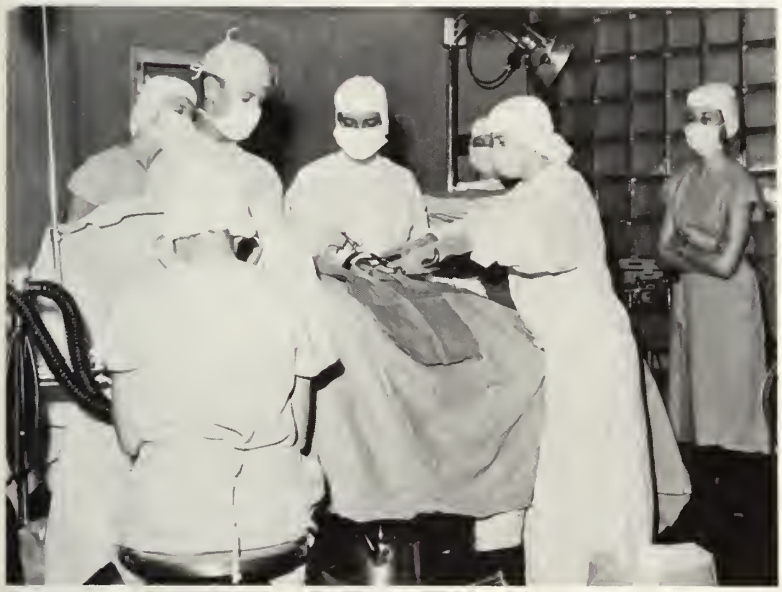
And if all else failed, we could always play "Let's mess up the kitchen," or "Ring-around-the bunk beds."

Challenges were an everyday occurrence during Senior Year, today's always seeming a little more insurmountable than yesterday's. But even our most difficult difficulties shrank to insignificance when compared to that eight week traumatizer of student nurses, the operating room.

The White building tested our organizational powers; Bulfinch taught us, among many other things, patience; but the O.R. was something else, something entirely unlike anything in our experience.

Our first week was spent in classes, where in five short days we learned all of the major techniques, all of the instruments on the Mayo stand, all of the equipment in a major pack and all those sutures (oh, those 802's!)





At the end of five days of intensive instruction and untold hours of extra-curricular practice with our gloves, we faced our first work day in the O.R. with something close to terror in our hearts. Indeed the only things which kept some of us upright in our plastic boots were a smile and a word from Miss Cahill, who understood so completely and who cared so much about each of us.

But the O.R. proved to be as enjoyable as it was fearsome. There was a thrill in being part of the pump team, in studying anatomy first hand, in having your very own case to do (septic though it might be.) There was pleasure in an unexpected, "Well done," from the surgeon; in getting back on Saturday afternoon the extra hours you gave on Friday night; in getting set up in time for coffee and peanut butter before your eight o'clock case. And there was laughter: I'm working for Mother today . . . . handing the scrub nurse a kit pan holder without the kit pan . . . . Two minutes—*by the clock* . . . . "There will be no sighing in the O.R." . . . . pul-ease, pul-ease . . . . Which do you think would mend my stockings better, 2-0 or 3-0 silk?

Surviving the O.R. without any permanent scars was, we felt, something of an accomplishment.

And so it was a small, but very proud group who received cheers from the rest of us once every eight weeks. Aprons once again in place, a few short hours on Bulfinch 5 refreshed the delicate skills that were dormant during the previous rotation.

And the challenges grew in number: you and Flash on your first relief in Bulfinch; you alone at 3am, peering down the long, dark corridors of the Baker building; you racing down the hall with the emergency cart on B3, so scared that you feared for your own cardiac status; you volunteering for overtime on the nights of the Blackout and the Combat Zone disaster; you on a Sunday, trying to get through the cafeteria line before your lunch time was over; you and White 7's West wing on a Saturday morning.

As it had been in the operating room, so it was through each of our rotations: we were indeed awkward at first; the job seemed too big; they asked too much of us. But they knew, better than we, what they were asking. Slowly we grew into our tall caps, met the challenges, and gained confidence in our knowledge and training.

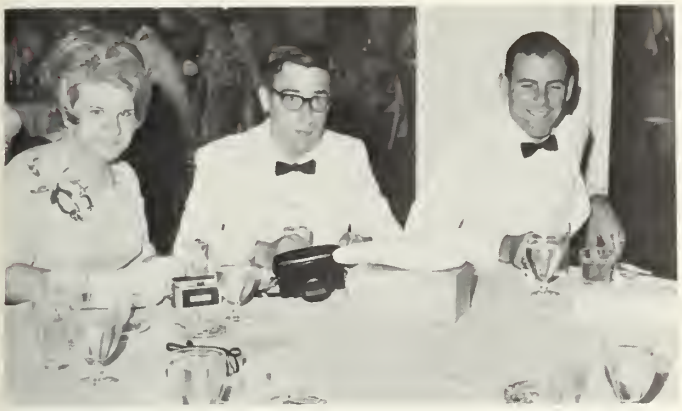
And soon we found ourselves looking back from the vantage point of July and August. We began to be able to laugh about our own awkwardness in the early days of Senior Year; we began to count down the days in Ajax on the kitchen windows; we began to think beyond September to jobs and weddings and the world that awaited us.

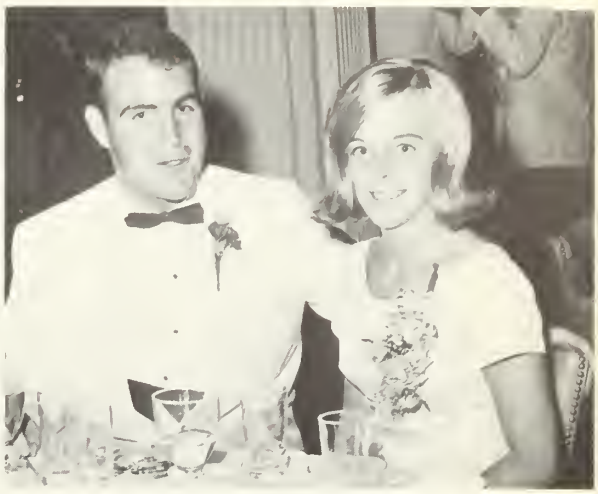
With more than the usual number of time requests, the week of August 8th arrived, destined to be recorded in history as "Senior Week."

No seniors were to be found on the wards of MGH the night of August 9th; besides being Jean MacMillan's birthday, it was the night of our Senior Banquet at the Charter House. All I.D.'s were left behind and we sipped cocktails before dinner in a most ladylike fashion, while slyly glancing to see which instructors dared drink in front of Miss Sleeper.

More informal, yet with the superb touch of "Mama Augliera," was the spaghetti supper on Bartlett roof. But the traditional background music of Santa Lucia gave way to the words of Tom Lear as he recalled "This is the Year That Was."

The social highlight of Senior Week was, of course, our prom. Forsaking our black and white checks for that very special dress made us fine ladies of leisure, at least for one night.





Nothing could dampen our spirits as we hoisted our skirts over the dust of Blossom Street and were whisked away to the Hotel Somerset where we danced the night away. Diamonds glittered, gentlemen beamed, and the young ladies of the training school in Boston had themselves one fine time.

A tradition died, sadly, with the Checkerboard Cafeteria. The ceremonial shedding of student uniforms was no longer possible—in public. But small groups, armed with bandage scissors, awaited us as we entered Bartlett at 3:30 on our last day in black shoes and stockings.

"Would you believe I work on B-3?"

Meeting *en masse*

"I asked for a Greek god, but . . . !!"

. . . and spring came to the Bulfinch lawn

View from the top

Where have all the flowers gone?

The feeling we all had at Capping was one of great pride—in our school, in our uniform, and in our profession. And we experienced this feeling once again, more intensely if possible, at Graduation. Standing in that huge auditorium, the familiar, well-loved faces seemed somehow different today: older, perhaps, than yesterday and a little strange in the still unfamiliar "whites."

Each of us was alone with our thoughts in that last, hushed moment before we stepped out into the auditorium. Alone and yet, perhaps, closer together than we had ever been, for we knew as one in that small moment, "why." Our three years stood as we stood: the tears and frustrations, the hours of study and of lost sleep, the doubts, the fears, the aching tiredness and the longing at times to give up. And here was why, contained in a tiny, silent moment. And the long white line began to move slowly forward.

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